BEWITCHED.

While stretched upon the sands one day
Beside a lake, whose waters shone
As bright as any mirror on
My lady's chiffonier, in play
I tossed therein a stone. It made
A rippling circle, one that grew
Yards wider as the seconds flew,
Until it kissed the shore. A maid
Who sat near by gave me a glance,
Awakening into life a wave,
Whose impulse I could not deter,
And so love conquered. Sweet romance,
Beginning then made me thy slave,
Yea, rather Love's idolator.
—James T. Sullivan, in Boston Globe.

Great-Grandmother's Mantle.

By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

In spite of herself, Nancy had to laugh at the frowning face in her little looking glass.

"There goes the scowl!" she cried. "Well, you do look a deal better, ma-'am. The idea of scowling because it's a pleasant morning, when it's been a rainy one every blessed other day for 'most a week! I know what the trouble is. It's that washing, Nancy Crowe! What would your great-grandmother say?"

There was an authentic and valued entry in the Crowe family records to the effect that Great-Grandmother Nancy was won't to rise extremely early on wash-days, and get her washing for a household of fourteen out on the line before breakfast. It was even recorded that she had accomplished this extraordinary feat at seventy years of age. Her achievement was the boast of the Crowe family, and Nancy had heard it over and over again.

"You've got three in your family and you're seven-teen!" Nancy scolded herself aloud. "The pity of having such a great-grandchild as that!"

Nancy was housekeeper for her father and Thomas while her mother was away, nursing a sick sister. It was great fun, too—all but the washings. How Nancy disliked those!

Down-stairs there was breakfast to get and clear away, the chickens to feed and Thomas to "shine-up" for school. It was long after nine o'clock before the young housekeeper got to the washing.

While the water was heating she ran across the yard to se how little Mrs. Cilley's baby was.

"He ain't any better. I was up with him about all night!" sighed the young mother, wearily. "I'm nearly discouraged. I can't work to-day, and I don't know what he's going to do for clean things."

"I do!" Nancy cried, cheerily. "I'm just going to take his little clothes home with me and wash 'em with my things. They're so little I shall hardly know they're there!"

She held out her hands for the tiny wailing one. "You, poor, tired little woman, you! Give me that baby while you go and get his things picked up."

A few minutes later Nancy went home with a little soft roll under her arm. She was humming a tune as she went.

"I'll just put some more water on to heat, and get these little bits a-soaking," she thought. "I'm so thankful I went over there—that poor little thing looks all tired out! She's so very young!"

Nancy added another gallon of water to the sizzling, foamy contents of the boiler on the stove. Then, singing at the top of her clear voice as she worked, she bustled about among her tubs. The clock struck eleven.

"Eleven o'clock! Of all things! Well, I'm glad I haven't got to stop and get dinner for anybody!" she cried. "It was lucky for daddy he took to-day to go to town on! And Tom would carry his dinner to school—'so 'f it did rain.' I must run out and put up my lines—there's Mr. Sophia putting out his now. Oh, my goodness, I hope Mrs. Sophia doesn't see where he's putting 'em!"

Nancy gazed across the road at the pottering figure in the bed-ticking apron. The glimpse of dun-colored trousers below the apron hem betrayed the sex of the washerwoman. Poor Mr. Sophia! How he would blunder, and how poor Mrs. Sophia would groan! How the water wouldn't be hot enough and the starch wouldn't be cold enough and the bluing would be too blue!

"My heart goes out to Mr. Sophia," laughed the girl across the road, under her breath. It really was a hard place to put an innocent, well-meaning man-person, to have to do the washing for a Mrs. Sophia!

"Oh, he'll make a mess of it, fast enough," Nancy said, with positiveness and pity. "I know Mr. Sophia. And she'll lie there and groan at him. I know Mrs. Sophia, too."

It was hard on Mrs. Sophia, too. Wasn't she known throughout Far Acres as the "most particular housekeeper on the footstool?" And wasn't mild Mr. Sophia's capacity for blundering known to be limitless? It was the Far Acres name for him—'Mr. Sophia."

"I declare, I pity that man!" exclaimed Nancy, suddenly. "I'm going right over there and do it out loud!"

"Sh!" Mr. Sophia held up a warning forefinger as she approached. His anxious glance wandered toward a certain window. "She's asleep. She's just dropped off. I'm puttin' in to see if I can't make out to get the washin' done before she wakens up again. Look here, Nancy, I wisht you'd tell me some things about how to do it—do you blue the clothes before you rinse 'em or after. An' how much do you starch the sheets? Seems as if I'm all muddled up in my mind. Sophia's so particular—I'm all of a tremble!"

Nancy's laughing face tried to sober at sight of his genuine dismay. What a pity it hadn't been Mr. Sophia that sprained his back—no, that didn't sound kind. But there was a pity somewhere!

"She had a turrible night with the pain in her back," whispered the plaintive voice. "I'm glad she can get some of her sleep made up now. All I ask is to get the washing done while she has her nap."

Nancy touched Mr. Sophia's arm gently.

"I'm afraid you're not putting the lines out quite right," she said.

"I know it! I know it!" he kept groaning, softly. "I don't hope to do any of it right, my dear."

A sudden inspiration came to Nancy. She caught his sleeve hurriedly.

"Quick, bring me the clothes!" she whispered. "I know what we'll do. You'll take 'em across to my house and I'll wash 'em. That's what! Then I'll hang 'em out over here on your line—I know exactly how Mrs. Sophia does it. Quick, we've got to hurry! Never mind if they are in soak. Pour some of the water out and take the tub right across. Of course I can do it as well as not. I'm washing to-day, too. A little more or less won't count."

Nancy hurried on ahead of slow Mr. Sophia to put on another kettle of water to heat. She h[illegible] the way across the street, and the soft little drone broke into a song at her own threshold.

"That's all right! I'm thankful I went over there. Poor Mr. Sophia, he needed help!" she was thinking, as she ate her hasty wash-day luncheon from the pantry shelf.

All the afternoon how Nancy worked! How she splashed and rubbed and rinsed and wrung! How clearly and contentedly her voice trilled out above the sound of the rubbing. It was nearly four o'clock when at last she hung her washings out.

"What would great grand-mother say?" she laughed. "She got hers out before breakfast. Well, I don't care, I shall get mine out before supper!"

The clothes were daintily white and sweet, and Nancy hung them up with careful precision. She gave the tiny baby things a cross line to themselves.

Mrs. Sophia had a long, refreshing sleep. When she woke the wash was flapping gently out on the line. She lifted herself painfully on her elbow and gave it sharp scrutiny, astonishment and distinct approval dawning in her pale face.

"Well, I do declare!" she ejaculated, slowly.

"Done!" cried tired Nancy, in triumph. "Why! Why, I don't call washing very hard work. I've enjoyed it. Nancy Crowe, I believe you've put on your great-grandmother's mantle!"—Youth's Companion.

THOUGHT C. O. D. MEANT COD.

Mistake of a Fish Dealer When He Got Goods "Collect on Delivery."

An amusing story is told of an enterprising, though verdant, young man who lives in a small town up the state. He wished to embark on the sea of matrimony, but finding his income entirely insufficient for the purpose, he cast about to see if he could not find some vocation which would yield him enough to support a wife on. After considerable reflection he decided that since there was no fish dealer in the village, it would be a wise plan to engage in that line of business.

He was totally ignorant of what the demands of the public required, and, as many another young man had done before him, consulted his fiancee on the subject. She told her lover that once when she was on a visit to the city she had eaten some haddock, and that it was delicious, and advised him to lay in a stock of that kind of fish.

The young man went to the local express office, and told the agent what he wanted to do. The latter said that he would order the fish from New York, and that the young man could pay for it when it was delivered. The barrel of fish came in due time, and, of course, it was marked "C. O. D." When the goods were delivered to the prospective fish dealer he looked at the barrel for a moment, and, turning to the expressman, said in a tone of great disgust, "I ordered haddock and they sent me cod."

The story was too good for the expressman to keep to himself, and the fish dealer, who made a success of his new business, is often, even to this day, greeted by the housewives on his morning calls with the sly question, "Have you got any cod?" To this he replies: "I pay for my fish when I order it now, so I never get any cod."—New York Tribune.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Want of desire is the greatest riches.—Vigee.

Idleness is the sepulchre of virtue.—Madam Roland.

Ignorance is the mortal enemy of thrift.—Marden.

If thou wouldst be borne with, then bear with others.—Fuller.

Purpose is what gives life a meaning.—Charles H. Parkhurst.

Observe your enemies, for they first find out your faults.—Antisthenes.

It is good to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting.—Fuller.

One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning.—Lowell.

The man who in this world can keep the whiteness of his soul is not likely to lose it in any other.—Alexander Smith.

If you wish your neigbors to see what God is like, let them see what he can make you like. Nothing is so infectious as example.—Charles Kingsley.

Kind looks, kind words, kind acts and warm handshakes, these are secondary means of grace when men are in trouble and are fighting their unseen battles.—John Hall.

Affections should not bind the soul, but enfranchise it. Through them it should know larger, deeper, higher life. They should be to it as wings by which it mounts. A friend comes as an ambassador from the heavens.—Trinities and Sanctities.

The pressure of a hand, a kiss, the caress of a child, will do more to save, sometimes than the wisest argument, even rightly understood. Love alone is wisdom, love alone is power; and, where love seems to fail, it is where self has stepped between, and dulled the potency of its rays.—George McDonald.

No Chance for Him.

"Now that we are engaged," said the fair young thing, "I will tell you that I do not fear mice."

"That is nice," said the prospective groom.

"And," continued the fiancee, "I can drive nails without hitting my thumb; and I know how to use a paper cutter without ruining a book; and I can add a row of figures without making a separate sum for each consecutive figure; and I can build a fire; and I can tell when a picture is hung straight on the wall."

Here the man drew himself up with much dignity and sorrow, and cried:

"Then I cannot marry you, alas!"

"Why?" gasped the girl.

"What prospect is there for my ever being able to demonstrate the superiority of man over woman if I marry a woman who possesses such traits of character as you!"—Baltimore American.

"No Dogs at Large."

The board of agriculture draws attention to the fact that the landing in Great Britain of dogs brought from any country except Ireland, the Channel Islands, and the Isle of Man will be subject to Ariticle 2 of the Importation of Dogs Order of 1901, which expressly provides that every imported dog must be detained and isolated for six months upon premises in the occupation or under the control of a veterinary surgeon, which shall have been previously approved in writing by the board for that purpose. This does not apply in the case of an imported dog which is intended to be exported from Great Britain within forty-eight hours.—London Globe.

Close friends are seldom the ones who spend their money on you.

BLACK WALNUT.

Wood That Has Become Too Valuable to be Used, as Once, for Fence Rails.

The best black walnut in the United States is found in Indiana. Forty years ago there could be found in this State a crop of black walnut unequalled in quantity and quality. Today it is not to be found in such immense trees. Neither is the number of trees by any means so numerous. Years ago the largest and best trees were used for fence rails and such common purposes. At that time it had no particular commercial value. Before walnut came into general use, the most of domestic furniture was of cherry. Walnut has now entirely superseded this and all other woods. Fence rails can be found today through Indiana that were split more than half a century ago, and they are as sound now as then, save the wear and tear. Of all hard woods the walnut is most durable, save red cedar, and possibly in the ground, black locust would equal it.

Our walnut is comparatively gone. In isolated parts of the country, where this timber grows, there is yet some of inferior quality, but to a limited extent. But the general black walnut growing in the deep forest, in the rich lowlands, in its primitive nature, is a thing of the past. The general supply must now be gathered from the four quarters of the earth to supply a demand that requires a century for its culmination witnesses the astounding spectacle of the almost entire extinction of the valuable material.

Kentucky has quite a good stock of black walnut, and much that is very inferior on account of its grey color and tough, hard texture. Missouri also has some of rather an inferior quality. Western Ohio and West Virginia is poor in quality.

The whole stock of the states is not equal to a full demand for ten years to come. Furniture manufacturers do not now use it as lavishly as they did five years ago. Other woods are substituted when possible, and 1,000 feet of walnut are made to go as far again as it did a few years ago.

Chicago uses annually in her different branches of manufacture, such as house, school and office furniture, also in finishing material, doors, mouldings, counters, &c., 14,500,000 feet. Probably about half of this is bought at the mills, and does not go into the account of the dealers at all. Many of the largest manufacturers direct, or have mills or an interest in, mills in the walnut district.—Terre Haute Gazette.

THE OTHER WAY.

Blim—What is Speeder doing now?

Blum—He is interested in a get-rich-quick scheme.

Blim—You don't say so?

Blum—Yes, he is courting an heiress.—Town Topics.

MODERN DARWINISM.

"Yes, your dress does fit beautifully, but I thought you were above such trifles."

"No! I believe in the survival of the best fitted.—New York Sun.

Time may be money, but you've got to spend the one to make the other.

People who are in love with themselves have no fear of rivals.

The spendthrift can easily make a $10 bill look like thirty cents.

People in the smart set believe that all's well that ends swell.

The one crop that never fails is the dead beat crop.

What a pretty girl wants is a full complement of compliments.

The new woman is beginning to realize how a man feels when his collar button rolls under the bureau.

WINTER FARMING NEW.

SCIENCE SETS AT DEFIANCE ALL LAWS OF SEASONS.

The Demand for Farm Products in Winter Responsible for the Expansion of This Industry — Hothouse Fruits and Vegetables Multiply in Quantity.

The idea prevalent in some quarters that agriculture has not kept abreast of modern industrial developments is so far from the actual truth that occasionally the public is surprised by reports which indicate a change and revolution in methods and result of a most phenomenal character. In nothing has our agriculture changed more decidedly in recent years, however, than in the seasons of production. Science has deliberately set at defiance all the laws which govern the seasons of growth, and in the conflict it has proved a great triumph for man. Winter farming has become in the past decade an industry more profitable and successful than ordinary summer gardening or farming.

The demand for farm products in winter, when most of them are scarce and difficult to secure, has been responsible for the growth and expansion of winter farming. To-day this industry is of national importance, and adds millions of dollars to the wealth of our country. Lands that were formerly considered almost worthless have attained through this industry considerable value, and farmers who were disappointed at the outlook of their profession have suddenly discovered new means of reaping financial rewards for their labor and genius. Instead of following in the old ruts in vogue fifty years ago, they have branched out in entirely new lines to develop an industry that is as fascinating as it is profitable.

Naturally one thinks first of truck gardening, either under glass in the North in winter or along the belt of Southern States, when this subject is broached; but winter farming is not by any means confined to even this field. Winter dairying has become in the last five years one of the most profitable sources of farming, and it is pursued by the most progressive dairymen of the country with great success. By means of the silo, succulent food is stored away for winter feeding that produces almost as fine milk and cream as the June grass. The milk and cream in winter time are worth so much more than in summer that the dairymen find it profitable to provide good winter quarters for the best cows and to feed them with the best food.

The poultry farmer has likewise changed his methods, and by means of the incubator and brooder winter and spring broilers are produced to-day in enormous quantities for our tables. Winter poultry is to-day about the only product of the chicken farm that actually pays a good profit. The high prices obtained for spring chickens and broilers out of season have caused complete changes in this industry. Those who depend upon the eggs for their profits are endeavoring to induce the hens to change their season of laying, so that winter eggs will be had in abundance. Extensive experiments in winter feeding and winter breeding in glass-covered houses have produced results which encourage the poultrymen to believe that eventually breeds of hens will in time be reared which will lay their eggs in winter instead of summer. At present the results obtained are not entirely satisfactory.

Hothouse lambs have become important parts of our winterd diet of recent years, and breeders have established enormous houses where these delicate animals can be reared and fattened through the coldest of our winter weather. The work is profitable, and the breeders are increasing the industry each year. Hothouse lambs are delicacies out of season at present, but in the future they may become an ordinary part of our regular winter diet.

Hothouse fruits and vegetables multiply in quantity and quality every year. The industry is expanding so rapidly that the annual winter supplies of these delicacies are running up into thousands of tons. Around Boston there are several hundred acres of land covered with glass where fruits and vegetables are raised for the winter markets. Jersey and Long Island are also centers of this industry, and hundreds of acres are now under cultivation right through the winter. These hothouse products bring high prices all through the winter, and from two to four crops are raised annually on the same land. In the spring when the weather grows warm, the glass sashes are removed, and the plants for the summer markets are raised as easily if the land had not been producing all winter. When the cold autumn frosts come, the glass sashes protect the new crop that has been planted for the Christmas holiday seasons. Then when these winter products are harvested, seeds for an early spring crop are sown, and by the time Easter is here fresh vegetables ar e again ready for picking.

The truck products raised under glass in winter receive the most modern intensive culture. The soil is of the richest, well heated by steam pipes, moistened properly, and sometimes lit artificially at night time by arc lights. The electric light tends to stimulate the growth of certain vegetables, and the season of maturity is thus rapidly hastened. The profits from this business often run from 50 to 80 percent on the investment, and during the rough winter weather when southern truck cannot reach the markets, prices for the vegetables raised under glass soar up to almost fabulous prices. Yet in spite of the great number of acres of land covered with glass and devoted to winter farming, the supply hardly keeps pace with the increasing demand, and there is ample opportunity for further expansion in this line.

Winter gardening and farming in the southern belt of states where the climate is warm enough to produce the products out of doors have spread with phenomenal rapidity in recent years. Whole sections of states have been reclaimed by this industry, and land that was worth only a few dollars an acre ten years ago sells to-day for two or three hundred dollars an acre. Our whole system of living and diet has been transformed by this industry, and our winter season is supplied with fruits and vegetables almost as freely as the summer.

The expansion of this form of winter farming has been due to the railroads and steamship companies operating lines along the coast or through the belt of states with climate and soil suitable to the business. The construction of refrigerator cars which would enable growers to ship their strawberries and tomatoes from Florida and Louisiana to New York or Boston in midwinter gave a great stimulus to the industry. It is now possible to land the most perishable fruits and vegetables in New York from the most distant gardens within seventy-two hours after picking and in perfect condition.

Each year the source of the supply is extended. It was first the Carolinas, Norfolk and Georgia which monopolized this industry. Then Florida entered the field, and finally the gardens spread along the Gulf and included those in the Mississippi Valley. California made special efforts to ship her fruits and vegetables to eastern markets in cars made for the purpose, and now Texas and exen Mexico are entering the field with their peculiar farm products. There are some 60,000 refrigerator cars engaged in this traffic in the winter season, distributing the fruits and vegetables of the tropical and semi-tropical gardens and farms to the large cities of the north, south, east and west. The best of these cars are scientific products of modern genius, and they carry their loads of fruits as carefully as a Pullman palace car transports its millionaire occupant.

Strawberries from the Carolinas alone amount to some 12,000,000 quarts a year, while California pours across its borders some 193,000,000 pounds of fresh fruits. New York city alone absorbs some 4,000,000 packages of southern vegetables every winter. All told, the winter farming which supplies the cities with their fruits and vegetables in the cold season represents an industry amounting up into many millions of dollars. All this is pure gain for the farmers and land owners, who formerly made little or nothing from the soil which is now brought under contribution to feed us with a winter diet of fruits and vegetables. The creation and expansion of the industry represents wealth added to the country just as surely as if new gold mines had been discovered which yielded annually a dozen million dollars' worth of the precious metal.—George E. Walsh, in the Scientific American.

AN ELECTRIC BATH.

A Luxury That Members of Congress May Now Enjoy.

To be literally sprayed with electricity from head to foot, rolled with an electric roller, the wrinkles ironed out of the face with an electric glass bulb as a flatiron, and to have the spark of life imparted to any particular section of the anatomy through a wooden ball is one of the luxuries which a senator or representative in congress can enjoy by simply descending in the elevator to the magnificient marble bath rooms at either end of the capitol, stepping onto a zinc plate and ordering Chief Electrical Engineer Gliem to "turn on his lightning."

The electrical adjunct to the legislative baths is a comparatively recent addition and as yet seemingly few members have learned of its wonderful invigorating effect on a tired legislator. Those who have, however, are constant patrons, and the static machine is creating for itself an enviable reputation as a "next morning" antidote. And for putting a member into condition for a speech in the senate or house it has no equal.

The static machine creates its own electricity right before your eyes. The machine in the house end stands in a small, marble-walled room. It is driven by a quarter horse power motor, attached, and stands in a glass case. It consists of ten circular glass plates thirty inches in diameter. These plates, which are placed a little distance apart, revolve on a single shaft through the center. On a line with the shaft rows of double metal combs, with the tips of their teeth close to the plates, gather the electricity as it is generated by the revolving glass. A positive and a negative pole extend out of the case. A platform, insulated by being placed on glass legs, stands nearby. On this platform is the zinc plate on which the statesman stands. Over his head is suspended a round brass crown which is connected to the positive pole by a slight brass rod. The different apparatus for administering the electricity are at hand on a board suspended on the wall.

The "bath," generally proceeds in this order: First, the "chain-shower"—two round metal bars about 18 inches long are connected to the respective poles of the machine by a brass chain. The electrician holds a bar in each hand and holds his hands about three feet apart. The chain connects the two by running loosely through a metal loop near the far end of the bars. When the current is turned on the one operated on has a sensation as of a warm breeze blowing on him. The bath is taken with all the clothing on, but the breeze seems to penetrate it as though there were no obstruction. The breeze soon changes to a warm, prickly sensation. The hair begins to crackel like a bunch of Chinese firecrackers, and when the current is suddenly allowed to descend from the brass crown also there seems to be a general conflagration in progress. However, there is nothing violent or unpleasant experienced.

After the shower and head sprays, if the statesman is in a bad way from the "night before," he takes a chair and a glass bulb, not unlike an electric light bulb, but with the big end flat, is caressingly brought in contact with his face and brow.

The current for this is obtained through a Tesla coil, and produces very little sensation. A polished metal resembling a small coupling pin is the throat ironer, and a wooded ball about as big as a base ball as the terminus to a metal pole, acts as a mild distributor to any given locality, while a brass roller irons pains out of the back or shoulders simply by rolling it along the clothing.

It only takes a few minutes to take an electric bath, but the results obtained are said to be equaled only by a summer vacation.—Washington Star.

What Overwork Means.

Professor Huxley gave his opinion in 1893 that what is called overwork means, in a large proportion of cases, under-oxygenation, and consequent accumulation of waste matter, which operates as a poison. Sir J. Sawyer Birmingham, in corroboration of this opinion, urges that much chronic invalidism is chronic suboxidation, and one of the worst of wrong conditions is work in stale air. Whenever we doubt about our vitality, we should doubt about our ventilation. Dr. Cheadle reminds us that one-third of our lives are spent in our bed-rooms, of which the air is poisoned beyond what would be tolerated in a sitting-room. It is well conceded that many of the cases of nervous disease, and especially the various forms of neurasthenia, depend largely upon want of open-air exercise.—Medical Record.

English Fashion in Words.

There are pet words in literature—words which become the fashion for a time and then take rank again in obscurity. Thus in the 18th century we find such words as "vastly," "hugely," "the quality," "genteel," etc. "Elegant" still lingers conspicuously in America, and in England at the present time especiall favor seems to be shown to "convincing," "weird" and "strenuous."—Notes and Queries.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

An Addition to the Bench Seat.

The latest addition to the bench seat so universally seen built around a bay window is to run each end out into the room about a foot or a foot and a half, and finish the back of the extension with a small Colonial balustrade. It is both comfortable and pretty.

In Place of Tiles.

Cream colored calcimine, resembling enamel, is now much preferred to tiles for perfectly appointed kitchens. This does not discolor like tiles or drop out, nor have interstices to collect dirt as tiles do. One lucky chef, with a kitchen of calcimine, white enameled woodwork and fixtures in keeping, asserted that he could stand in the middle of the kitchen and thoroughly cleanse it with a strong stream from a hose without harming a single thing.

An Odd Screen.

One of those tall screens which may be put to so many uses about a house is a unique affair in Flemish oak. There are three panels to this screen, all rather wide and covered both sides with fine Japanese matting. This covering extends to within about two feet of the top of the screen, the open spaces being inclosed in a skeleton frame. The upper open part of each panel is then filled in with a realistic spider web of heavy brown twine. For a further touch of realism a huge spider is caught in the meshes of each of the webs, the effect of the whole being odd and unusual.

Those screens covered entirely with matting are pretty and serviceable, and for a little adornment the matting of each panel is sometimes bordered with narrow strips of leather closely studded with large brass nails.

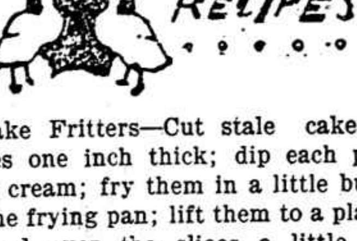
Lighting a Dark Hall.

A mirror will lighten a dark hall if properly placed. Place the glass opposite a door and the light from that apartment, falling on the mirror, is reflected back from it to the hall, to its much greater lighting, while the apparent size of the little place is greatly increased. The mirror is unframed, and is fitted in between cornices and baseboard, and finished at the sides with a flat moulding that seems a part of the woodwork. The value of this treatment is not realized until it is tried. Often a blank stretch of wall that seems a hopeless shutting in of space may offer the transforming opportunity. Care must be taken not to overdo the treatment in such a way as to create the effect of a hotel corridor or public hall; but judiciously used under the care of a good architect the plan is to be commended.—New York Journal.

Cleaning a Floor.

Genuine skill can be exercised in cleaning a floor as in anything else. After the rugs and carpets have been taken up a floor that is not finished in any other way should be thoroughly scrubbed and dried before it is covered again. It is economy to lay down floors of matched boards of good seasoned wood, which will not warp and show the cracks. After the carpet is up and the dust has been thoroughly swept up and has settled, scrub the wood with warm water and sal soda, cleaning and scrubbing about a square yard of surface at a time. It pays to have two pails, one of soda and water to scrub the floor with, and one of clear hot water to rinse it up with. Use two cloths, one to wipe up the floor and the other to dry with. When the floor is scrubbed wash and dry these cloths before you use them for another cleaning. If the floor is hard wood it would better be dressed by a regular finisher, as there are few maids in this country who are willing or intelligent enough to do this work, though this is the regular part of the maid's work abroad, and the tools furnished in this country for the purpose are much easier to handle than those used in Europe.—New York Tribune.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES



Cake Fritters—Cut stale cake in slices one inch thick; dip each piece into cream; fry them in a little butter in the frying pan; lift them to a platter spread over the slices a little preserve, and sprinkle over chopped almonds and powdered sugar.

Chese straws—Mix half a cupful of flour, three tablespoonfuls of grated American cheese, half a tablespoon of parmesan chees, a little salt and one beaten egg; work to a smooth paste; roll out on a floured board to a thin shell, cut in strips one-fourth of an inch wide and four inches long, place them in a buttered pan and bake in a rather cool oven ten minutes.

Crackers with cream cheese—Grate American cream cheese over snowflake crackers, sprinkle over each one a dash or two of cayenne pepper; put in the oven; when the cheese has melted remove them and serve. If any remain over by putting them in a baking dish and covering with milk and a little more grated cheese and bake in a slow oven, it will make a nice luncheon dish.

Delicate cream muffins—Cream three level tablespoonfuls of butter; add to it two tablespoonfuls of sugar; beat the whites of two eggs; add the unbeaten yolks to the butter and sugar; add one cup of milk, half teaspoonful of salt, two cupfuls of sifted flour and four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; beat well and add the eggs; fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake 20 minutes in a quick oven. Substitute one cup of graham, rye or corn meal for one cup of flour and you will have the different muffins.

Custard ice—Mix two ounces of wheat starch with enough cold milk to make a paste, then add gradually a pint of milk; then three-fourths of a cup of sugar, and whisk until the sugar is dissolved. Cook in a double boiler until it thickens; then remove from the fire and add half an ounce of butter. When cold add any flavoring desired and partially freeze the mixture. Then whip the whites of two eggs stiff; add these carefully with a pint of whipped cream and freeze quite stiff. Beat up well before serving with a fruite compote.

The Moon's Temperature.

It is probable that the temperature of the moon's surface at its midday is 750 degrees Fahrenheit. The drop at night is probably 1000 degrees, to 250 degrees below.